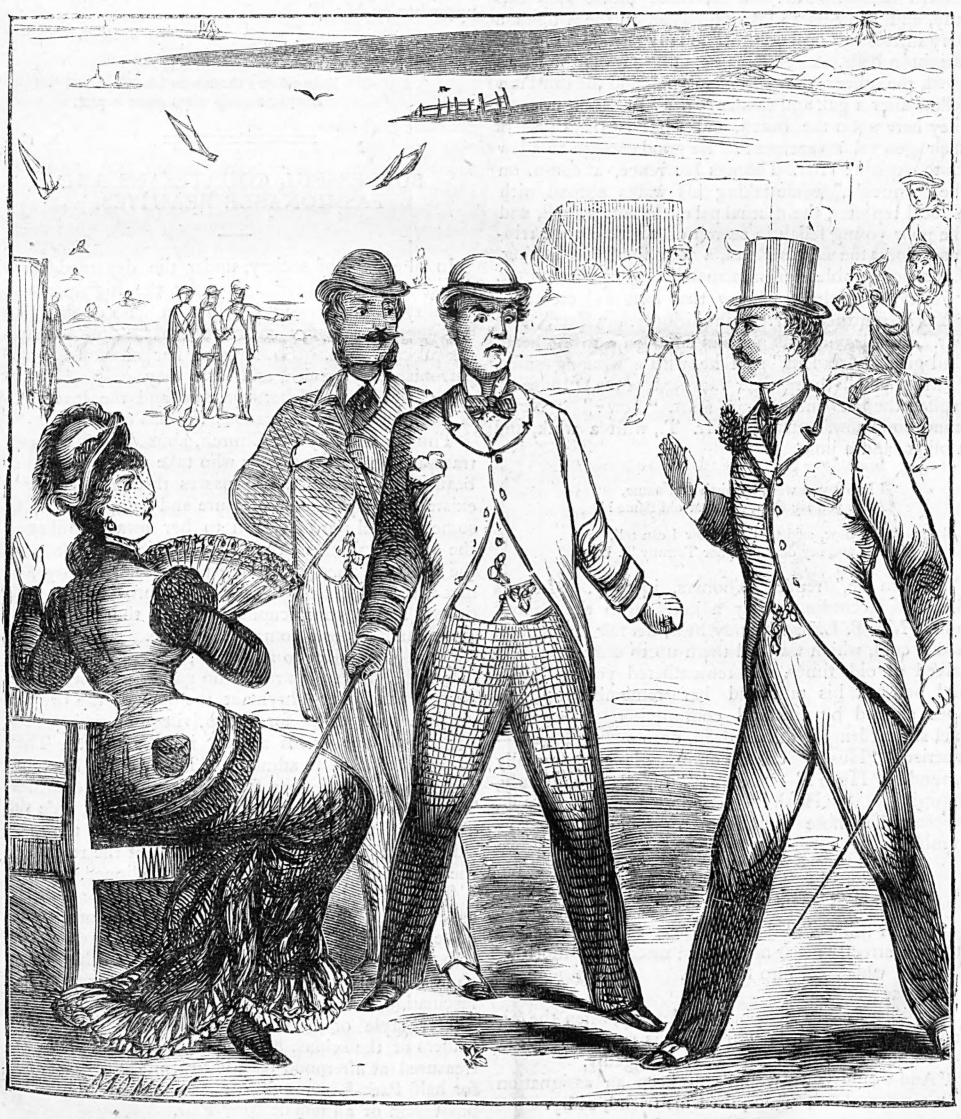
LONDON LIFE.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 10. LONDON, JULY 26th, 1879. ONE PENNY.



THE AMOROUS BRIGHT'UN LOTHARIO.

THE AMOROUS BRIGHT'UN LOTHARIO.

Pity the sorrows of a poor young man,
Whose nervous system leads to kicking doors;
Who measures love with freedom's widest span,
Yet forlorn pines, deterred by marriage laws.

WHO has not visited London-super-Mare, the queen of watering places, who has not seen its Aquarium, and Mrs. Nye Chart's pretty little Theatre, where "Drink" is to the fore nightly, strolled along its beach, lounged on its parade, and taken stock of its fashionable beauties with the critical glance of cockney connoiseurs; who indeed has not revelled in its fun and gaiety, made love along its shady walks, and done the grand on three-and-six there and back? Why nobody; at least, nobody we know of.

But has anyone seen Mr. T. Lawrence, or his divine charmer, or his charmer's husband, or the husband's friend? No? Well, then, please step this way, and allow us to introduce you to them upon a very interesting occasion. The lady sitting down is a Brighton belle. A gentleman standing up is the lady's swell, the other is the gentleman's pal, and the third is a fellow after a gal, and this is Mr. T. L. But how came they here upon the beach, and what is the cause of their general amazement? Be good enough to allow us to explain: Mr. Thomas Lawrence, a comp. on the "knuckle," while taking his walks abroad with a local reporter, the mutual pal of the lady's swell, and the poor young fellah in search of a girl, espied, tripping along the Lewes Road, a lady fondly dreaming. Lawrence trembled and immediately tapped the reporter. "Harry," said he, "I know that beautiful creature." "Yes?" returned Mr. P. inquiringly. "Fact," said Mr. T. L., leaving his pal, and sidling up to the beautiful girl. "Madam," said he, with a winning smile, "I know you." (the re*porter* vanished for *ale*.) "Indeed," replied the fair one, with a start, "how?" "Never mind how, now," answered Mr. T., with a wink, and a blink, and a jink.

"I know you well, by birth and name,
Arn't you *my dear*, my dear old flame?"

"Oh, now, said the lady, now I can tell,
You are, my dear sir, poor Tommy T. L."

"I am he," replied Thomas, joyfully. "Let us drink." Accordingly they adjourned to the nearest pub. Mr. T. L. had brandy neat, his fair companion had it cold, which warmed them up to sentiment. He talked of old times, she remembered young times, and between his talk and her remembrances, an hour slipped by in fond communion. "Tommy," said she, at length, with a deep, deep sigh, "I—am—married." "Hush!" cried Tommy, glancing fearfully around. "Hush!" "Hush!" repeated the lady, inquiringly. "Hush!" continued Mr. T. L., tapping his nose significantly. "old man, you tumble."

"Oh!" cried the lady, with a smile and a blush,
"You make me cry oh, when you murmur hush."

"Never mind," said Mr. T. L., as they emerged into the street, "never mind, now; meet me to-morrow" (here he whispered into her ear).

"What ails you?"

"Thomas," said the reporter, solemnly, when the fair deceived had departed; "that lady is married!"

"I know it," replied Mr. T. L., doggedly.

"And would you—would you keep an assignation with a married lady?" inquired his friend, sadly.

"Would I?" returned Mr. T. L., heroically. "I would with a dozen—one at a time."

"Then," retorted the representative of the press, sternly, drawing himself up to his full height, and arranging his collar very deliberately; "then all I have got to say is (here he saw Mr. T. L. look ugly), is—good morning." And forthwith he hastened to inform the husband of this intrigue. And hereupon the husband and his informant, after knocking their their heads together, decided to meet the deceiver and deceived at the appointed rendezvous, with the result as shown in our illustration.

This denouement so upset the equilibrum of Mr. T. L., that he continually threatened the reporter with slaughter; who at last summoned him before the Brighton Bench of Magistrates, where he was bound over in £20 to keep the peace for six months. And in conclusion, we are happy to say that matters have been amicably arranged between husband and wife, and sincerely trust that the lesson may never be lost upon her or Mr. T. L.

Gentle ladies never palter,
When the sacred die is cast,
Ruin follows those who falter,
Despair attends when grace is past,

SUCCESSFUL COURTESANS AND FASHIONABLE BEAUTIES.

In all epochs of society, under the depraved licentiousness of the Stuarts, as under the high-pressure morality of the present Guelphs, a halo of dazzling brilliancy has always encircled the head of the successful courtesan. So long as her charms are unpatronised by wealth and title they only serve to attract the scorn of her own sex, and the invectives of the moralist whose canons she has outraged.

Thundered at by the Church, abused by the press, trampled on by the ghouls who take advantage of her beauty and position, she passes through her short existence of spasmodic pleasure and pain, and dies in some hospital ward a victim to her own credulity in the trustworthiness of man. But if, perchance, in the course of her career of enforced immorality, she met with a protector who is able to provide her with riches and a conspicuous position, the attitude of society undergoes a complete change.

Scorn gives place to adulation, abuse to sympathy.

The Belgravian matrons who gather up their skirts as they pass poor Phryne at the door of the theatre, vie with each other for the privilege of riding next her when she drives a pair in the park. They gaze at her in mute admiration in her opera box, and accept her subscriptions for their fashionable charities. The diamond hoops and dazzling sapphires hide the absence of the humble wedding ring, and the non-existence of a marriage certificate is but the refusal of the beauteous dove to have its wings clipped.

True, they do not hold actual intercourse with the soiled bird, though many would not be loth to receive patronage, for their own purchasers and masters refuse the permission, but they, in many other ways, show their envy of her freedom, their jealousy of her fascination, and their admiration of her taste.

Her style of dress is accurately copied by the leaders of the salons, her bon-mots are repeated and treasured at afternoon teas, her furniture is the model for half Park-Lane, and her signature is the envied possession of all female May-Fair.

That this gives proof of a strong tendency to immorality, on the part of the female half of the upper ten goes without saying.

This frantic desire to ape the manners and surroundings of high-class prostitution, is but the flapping of the wings against the bars of a cage, which keeps an unwilling bird a prisoner.

But worse remains to be told.

The introduction of photography gave to the erring Laura, an opportunity not to be lost sight of in these days of competition, and the windows of our stationers and photograph sellers soon became filled with pictures of all the famous courtesans of the day, each striving to out-do the other in the suggestiveness of her pose, and the scarcity of her costume.

Crowds of gaping sensualists might be seen round these windows, struggling and fighting with each other in their endeavours to feast their lewd imaginations on these photographs of bare bosoms and unhosed legs and thighs.

The countess in her glittering brougham, with its over-fed horses and swaggering servants, passing the window where these beauties are paraded, feels a pang of envy at the thought of her own charms wasted on a perhaps impotent husband.

The wife of some millionaire landholder making her purchases in Regent Street, sees the very men who hang coldly round the chair of enforced virtue in her drawing room, standing on tip toe with flushed faces and eager eyes, anxious only to get a glimpse of this unreal show.

What wonder at the result!

The virtuous ladies of England, the mothers of grown-up lads, as well as the worn-out spouses of two years, neglected by their husbands, jealous of the influence of the courtesan, rush to the photographer, and enter heart and soul into this struggle for fame and notoriety.

There, in the big plate-glass window, may be seen Violetta Montague, side by side with her grace the Duchess of ———

Here coquetting in a snowy *robe de chambre*; there languishing in a chair with legs visible to the knee; now with naked bosom and skin dress leaning over a balcony; now tying up her shoe with her dress over her knees, may be seen the bluest female aristocracy of England, vieing with the acknowledged courtesan in suggestiveness of pose and indecency of costume.

Unable to endure the callousness of a husband, whose satiated taste requires to be highly spiced, the fashionable beauty rushes to the public for admiration and patronage.

Are they not aware of the destiny of these unwrapped and boldly coy replicas?

Do you think that this simpering fluffy-haired lady would blush to see herself installed as the presiding deity of a counter-jumper's bedroom? or that bare-bosomed countess would recoil in horror when she saw a senile old voluptuary crooning in secret over her eighteen-penny likeness?

Not a bit of it.

Woman is woman still, all the world over, and women's desires and passion are the same, be she the flattered partner of a besmouched and worn-out duke, or the spurned panderer to a promiscuous and vulgar *clientèle*.

Better, says she, to be the plaything of shopboys and roués, than the neglected spouse of a used-up swell.

And although it is impossible to suppress a spark of pity for these neglected jades, driven into an unhallowed and hopeless strife with their more beautiful, though less virtuous, sisters; yet it must be admitted that the existence of such a state of things is a foul blot upon the escutcheon of nobility, and a sad indication of decay and corruption in the upper classes of the nation.

The licentiousness and rottenness of the patricians has been more than once the direct cause of a nation's overthrow, and no exertion should be spared by so great an organ as the Press in arresting the plague from which it suffers.

Before it is too late, ye who dub yourselves *crême de la crême*, amend your ways. Fling away your vices, your drunkenness, your gluttony, and, worst of all, your licentiousness.

Leave your mistresses to the animal man, ye educated and refined, gentlemen.

Do your duties to your neglected wives, and no longer drive them to such despairing acts as to enter the lists with gay women; and take care that ye heed these words of advice and warning, for if ye turn not from your vile and wicked deeds, the day will come, and that shortly, when the sour cream shall be skimmed and thrown away to prevent the contamination of the sweeter and better milk beneath.

THE BURGLAR'S WIFE.

"Vice, when it first appears familiar to our face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Reckless, defiant, utterly bad,
With a heart as hard as stone,
She has not a feeling of softness had,
Save only for that one alone,

Whom the outraged law has just condemned,
For his many atrocious crimes;
And, at last, the tide of villainy stem'd,
After failing a score of times.

But, ah! of your charity think awhile,
That with her 'twas not always so;
She was once a girl that was free from guile,
In the days that are long ago.

She had parents fond, whose hearts she broke,
To untimely death they came,
For they could not bear up beneath the stroke
Of their idolised daughter's shame.

When first she loved him he did not seem,
What he afterwards proved to be,
He was all that was good in her esteem,
And from every fault was free.

And when, as a burglar, he stood revealed,
Then her love it was all his own,
Too late against him her heart to have steeled,
Or away from his presence flown.

Think kindly of one who has erred, 'tis true,
But is desolate left for life,
Thank God such a fate has not been for you,
And pity the "Burglar's Wife."

LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, JULY 26TH, 1879.

HOT SPICE

"Now We are Happy!" The Jester is never given to make himself miserable, even about serious matters, but he does like to be made more than ordinarily jolly, and the time has come for him to be so made.

* *

The Millenium has at last arrived, and Jester is going to doff the motley for the nonce, and get a brand new court suit, and with his wand of office gracefully slung by his side, in lieu of the skewer, which he is afraid might get between his legs and impede his progress, he is going to Court with as much impudence as an Albermarle-street barmaid.

* *

And why?

* *

To tender the grateful thanks of the Proprietor, Editor, Publisher, and the countless readers of "London Life," that at last we have done with "PEACE WITH HONOUR."

* *

Dizzy has repented and turned from the evil of his ways, and instead of sending out more ex-Imperial Princes and beardless boys, to get us "Peace with Honour," by being slaughtered by the Zulus, he is going to be head master at a Sunday—I beg pardon, Sabbath School—and take the lead, for the future, at the mothers' meetings in Bevis Marks.

* * *

But he could not quite come down to this sort of thing all at nce, but he means to arrive at it by easy degrees.

* * *

So the other day, for the moment neglecting his bloodthirsty "Peace with Honour" policy, he strolled across from Downing-street to Victoria-street, and, in the company of that nice old woman, Lord Hatherly, distributed the prizes at the Westminster Working Men's Industrial Exhibition.

* * *

How strange he must have felt in such company.

* * *

But never mind, Benjamin, you will soon get used to it. The next time you go in for a similar "show" Jester will be there to support you, court suit and all (Houndsditch, 25s. the lot), and he hopes that there will be so much of your time occupied in these philanthropic objects, that you will have none to spare for "Peace with Honour."

* * *

Far be it from Jester to prejudge any case which is still "sub judice," but still he cannot help expressing his most devout satisfaction that "Laura Julia Addiscott," the conductor of the "Home for Friendless Girls" at Deptford, has been committed for trial for manslaughter.

* * *

The only thing that modified his pleasure was that she could not be committed for murder.

* * *

The amiable and kind-hearted Laura, on hearing the decision of Mr. Balguy, exclaimed, "that's the best news I've heard for a long time; that's just what I wanted."

* * *

Jester hopes that at the Old Bailey she will get, not what she wants, but what she deserves.

Many complaints have been made lately against Waiters at Music Halls of their continually asking the audience what they will have. The waiters at some of the Music Halls should take a leaf from those at the Royal, and then the audience would have nothing to complain of.

* * *

The Man in Motley was once at a County Court, and heard a case in which a widow sued for property wrongfully detained by a relative. And what do you think she got after paying all costs? Why advice gratis. "A Daniel I say."

* * *

Tom Adams and Count de Hocken are looking about for something to do. The former has opened his Patent Manure Works with success, while the latter travels on commission.

* * *

That little Foreigner, who tries to blow the cornet occasionally at the "South" seems to have turned up the darlings of Southwark Bridge Road, and taken on Newington Butts. I hope the wife knows nothing about it.

* * *

The Bishop of Lincoln has written to one of his Clergy directing him not to administer the Holy Communion to one of his Churchwardens, "because he had married his deceased wife's sister, and thereby broken the law of God, as interpreted by the Church."

* * *

Now there is an authority which is much higher than that of the Church, and that authority nowhere forbids these marriages, but in a cognate case, that of marriage with a deceased husband's brother, expressly commands them.

* * *

The same authority tells us "though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

* * *

Where was the Bishop of Lincoln's charity?

* * *

Emily Williams was charged with attempting to commit suicide by throwing herself into the water cistern. From the evidence it seems she had no idea of making away with herself. She was only drunk and wanted a cooler.

* * *

But the wonder is that she did not come by her death through her indiscretion, not by drowning, as there was only 16 inches of water in the cistern, but by poisoning.

* * *

The Jester is glad to see that Mr. Fawcett has succeeded in extorting from the government an unwilling promise to give him a night, when the whole question of the Metropolitan water supply may be discussed, with a view to legislation on the subject.

* * *

And not before it is wanted.

* * *

Catherine Rolland, Countess of Heinrutch, seems to be a very warm member indeed, in fact, as hot as they make them.

* * *

She must have had some considerable difficulty in ascertaining who was her husband, and who was not. They got rather mixed.

* * *

What between Cardinal Manning, Colonel Hicks, who "settled property upon her, which he *swore* was worth £47,000, and who put her into the railway carriage, and told her to marry Major Rolland, and what with the twins, and the "other man," who was the father of them, we get into such a delightful state of confusion, that we can't positively say, who's who.

* * *

Is the "other man" the Cardinal, or some "other fellow?"

* * *

What's become of the Count?

* * *

And what a wise mamma she had, so simple and, unfortunately, so *ignorant*, and, possibly, even anxious *not* to know too much. How kind of her to take her maiden name, and *control* the servants.

* * *

Agnes Willoughby's relations were kinder still, her mother minded the servants, her sister was her lady's maid, her brother was her footman, and when the noble swell was out of the way, there was always a row amongst the domestics who should fetch the gin.

* * *

No wonder that a Countess with four husbands required thirty pairs of sheets.

One of the *Daily Telegraph's* Special Corespondents went into a foolish tirade of nonsense about the Prince Imperial defending himself with the great Napoleon's sword, which had "flashed in the sun at Austerlitz." It has since turned out that it is another Hebrew invention, "very flashy," but utterly devoid of truth,"

* * *

The other afternoon a four-wheeled cab was overturned at the corner of Grafton-street, and one of its inmates, a well-known hatter of Regent-street, had to make his exit through the window, in doing so he smashed his hat, but he only had to go to Melton's nd get a new one for nothing.

* * *

Several butchers have been fined this week for sending diseased beasts to the market for consumption as human food. I think the butchers themselves were the "beasts."

* * *

"We spent a merry afternoon upon the leaden roof," is the title of a new song, written by Georgie Lovett. Music by Herr Bunion. We believe he will shortly publish another, entitled, "Four-half, or Bilson at the Fire."

* * *

A new paper, called, *Life*, has just been started, a poor imitation of *Sketch* and the *Mask*. Unless the next number has more "life" in it than the first, an early "death" must be its fate.

* * *

I saw a poor woman selling matches in front of Victoria Station turned roughly away by two officials. It is deeply to be deplored that they do not direct their attention to the expulsion of a class of women who use foul language, and are constantly loitering on the premises of the Brighton Railway Company, to the considerable annoyance of the community at large,

* * *

At one of my remarks, made last week, a reader called me "a caution." Now, my merry Masters, let it be distinctly understood, from this time, that I strongly object to being classed with signal posts. I am no greenhorn, nor do my eyes sparkle with that red fiery brilliantness that suggests danger, so I shall be offended if I am again called a caution. Only fancy all the subscribers to *London Life* returning from a day's excursion, and the trains carrying them to their places of rest, being detained by a sign from the clown.

* * *

The Jester does not know whether or no Baroness Burdett Coutts has yet carried out her philanthropic intention of inaugurating her "flower brigade," but if she has not already done so the fool thinks that if she reads the police reports she will hesitate before she proceeds further with her benevolent design.

* *

There was a low blackguard, described as a merchant, brought before Alderman White the other day for brutally assaulting a flower girl in the City, after refusing to pay her for a flower which he had "annexed," in any other currency than profane oaths. There are Barmaids *and* Barmaids, and the fool is only too happy to chronicle the plucky conduct of Miss Kate Phillips, who did not hesitate to come forward and give evidence against the *swell*, save the mark, and corroborate the evidence of her humble sister. A barmaid who does this very often risks a great deal. And it is to be hoped that not only by presents of lots of flowers, but also in a more substantial way, that the customers at the "Clarendon" will show their appreciation of her kind and high spirited conduct.

* * *

The clown chuckled to himself when he found the cowardly brute was sent to gaol without the option of a fine.

* * *

Some drunken fellow at Manchester has been confessing to the murder of Mrs. Thomas at Richmond. He appears to have been drawing on his imagination, and I should think he was also drawing on his imagination when he said that he had drunk two quarts of rum that morning.

* * *

Out for a Holiday.—This time to Brighton, where, in spite of what the high-priced professional paper said, the fool was well received.

* * *

And why? The reason I will reveal. Because he has worked with, drank with, and taken "another drink," with F. Kessler, the clever little leader at the Brighton Theatre, at the "Blacksmith's Arms," where visitors to Brighton, professional or otherwise, can see the Portraits of most of the Theatrical and Music Hall celebrities.

* * *

By-the-by, the Doctor, late of Norwood, was there, and not knowing the Clown, spoke rather freely of *London Life*.

* * *

Never mind Doctor, we shall do as your patients do under your fostering care, that is—improve, and so will

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

What the deuce has the people's tribute or the refused wreath to do with "Les Cloches de Corneville." I always understood it to be a comic opera, and not a topical burlesque. It may appear comic at the time, but in my idea this style of punning spoils the plot of the piece.

* * *

"Just look at that and look on this,
Don't you think it is a miss."

* * *

"Another Drink" has been produced at the "Folly." What? more liquor! I feel sure that we shall all be in a state of intoxication shortly. Won't it be a job for the Bow Street magistrates; they will double the fine, and in their anger knock it down at ten bob or a week.

* * *

Charles Reade's adaptation of L'Assommoir, called "Drink," is to be produced at the Brighton Theatre on the 19th July, when Mrs. Chart's season commences, with the following cast: Coupeau—Mr. Cyril Searle; Lantier—Mr. F. Estcourt; Gouget—Mr. L. Harcourt; Poisson—Mr. A. Lyall; Mes Battes—Mr. A. Shine; Colombe—Mr. F. Fresh; Gervaise—Miss Maude Milton; Phœbe Sage—Miss Edith Bland; Virginie—Miss Ida Nielson; Little Nana—*Le petite Carrie Coote.*

* * *

Will Parker and his soldier dog is to ruralise at Brighton for a fortnight from the 21st, being engaged, after two years and a half absence, at the Oxford Music Hall, Brighton. Misses Clara Fisher and Hetty Jeffries, a pair of pretty girls, also open on the same date, and their charms should act as a charm on Mrs. Botham's exchequer, and fill it nightly. Carlotta Verte also swells the list of *belles*.

* * *

I went to the Vic. the other night to see "Money and Misery." My money I left at the door, and of misery, when I got inside, I had no experience, for I was really delighted with what I saw and heard. The plot does not require any detailed explanation here, go and see it. I don't like picking out particular names, when all were so well up in their parts. But Mr. Charles Beverley was quite up to his usual form in Bianchi, and Miss Blanche Payne made a charming Lady Rosamond, whilst Mrs. Lewis Nanton, Mr. J. G. Johnson, Mr. Charles Sennett, Mr. Lloyd Townrow, and Miss Lizzie Ballantyne, in their respective roles of Rachael Falcon, Martin Falcon, Lord Clement, Morley, and Lady Grace, were all that could be desired. The evening's entertainment came to a pleasant conclusion, with "King and Deserter," which was admirably rendered.

* * *

On the opening of the third Dramatic Season, at the Theatre Royal Brighton, on Saturday evening, Mr. Ferdinand Mozart-Kessler, the clever *chef* of the talented little orchestra, introduced a capital *olla podrida* on the death of the Prince Imperial of France, composed by himself, on French and English National Songs, introducing martial calls, leading to airs on "Partant pour la Syrie," "Sir Garnet will show them the way," The "Dead March in Saul," Prayer, "O, Rest thy soul," "Rule Britannia," and the grand finale, "God save the Queen." It was vociferously encored by an attentive audience.

* * *

Somerset House. A Refreshment Club has just been opened in this establishment, where the clerks, like the Trafalgar Square Fountains, play from ten till four. Civil Service servants have gone in for co-operative grub; now they're going in for co-operative booze.

* * *

I went on Thursday last to the sale of the wines, &c., at the now closed and deserted Pavilion. There were a good many gentlemen there, who evidently wanted a "Drink" on the cheap.

* * *

Contrary to general expectation, the present lessee will not, I am informed, on good authority, re-open the house which has been so good a friend to him.

* * *

A thousand pounds separated him and the "Board of Works."

* * *

But it took a good deal more than a thousand pounds to separate him from the Inland Revenue Commissioners.

* * *

In fact, after his statement as to the profits of the "Pav," "They swore they never would leave him." But he can afford it, and if he does not know what to do with the balance which he received from the B.O.W., he had better send it to

SQUIB.

STREET CORNERS OF LONDON LIFE.

No. II.—The Seven Dials.

[CONTINUED.]

We will take the "dramatis personæ," one by one.

What can be the age of that old female crooning over a half-quartern of gin in the corner. Her age—well, it is 78. Her name is "Moll O'Rooney;" she has has been locked up 192 times for "drunks and disorderlies," and she's going to make up the 200 before the parish buries her. A bag of bones, tottering to the grave, with the gin-glass in her hand. A shrivelled mummy, whose emaciated frame can only be described as "vice preserved in spirits."

Facing her is a fouler sight, a young girl, sixteen in age—a hundred years old in villainy, vice, and vagrancy. When she does not beg, she steals; when she does not steal, she does worse. One of those painted hags who are an abomination of the night, whose foul language disgusts even the lowest, and frightens the respectable, and between these two stands a little girl, of eight years of age, who has come to get another quartern for mother, and who understands and can reply, in fitting terms, to every word howled by "Flash Moll."

This little child has just returned from the pawnshop, where she has been to raise the coin for mother's "blue ruin"—ruin indeed.

In another corner are Bill, Tom, and Joe, true samples of a certain class of the British working man (thank heaven, this class is not very plentiful), whose only pleasure, whose only thought, is the public-house. The idea of one night at home never enters their minds. Beer and low amusements are their be-all and do-all; four-half is their one idea of enjoyment. A new suit of clothes is an unknown luxury, and the money that would keep them in comfort goes in booze. Offer one of them a guinea pair of trousers for half-a-crown, and tho' he be in rags, he'd rather spend the half-dollar on two shillings' worth of beer, and a back seat in the gallery of a theatre. If such a man is single, he ruins himself; if married he beggars his family.

But let us leave the pub, and see the bird shops in St. Andrew Street; here a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream. Honest, sober, working men, with their wives in some instances, are looking at the imprisoned warblers which are exposed for sale, and Bill or Jack are going to treat the "old woman" to a canary or a bullfinch, a starling, or a lark, something to brighten up his rather dingy home, and a something that brings him to the bosom of his family.

Not far from here is the foreign quarter of London, where Jules and Alphonse talk over the bygone days of the Commune, and congratulate each other that they are in "Laistare Square," and not in a French convict prison.

And perambulating the "pavé," from St. Martin's Lane to the Criterion, are over a thousand "unfortunates," who make the thoroughfare disgusting to those respectable women who have been to one of the theatres, and have to jostle against them.

No city in the world can show such a disgraceful set of scenes as are nightly enacted in this neighbourhood. Street walkers are there of all ages and nations. All ages indeed—yea, from fifteen to seventy. The young in vice and the old in villainy.

This Cranbourne Street is the promenade alike of the debaucher and the debauchée, and if our police system were of the slightest use, something would be speedily done to put a stop to this disgrace to our metropolis, a disgrace which culminates at midnight in a series of free fights, robberies, and riots, at the corner of Piccadilly and the Haymarket.

But I am wandering away from the Dials. At the end of St. Andrew Street is Dudley Street, sometimes called Dudley Bay. Dudley Street is the paradise of of old boots. Dudley Street is the home of the troglodytes or cave-dwellers. Here may be seen scores of hideous cellars, scarcely fit for the residence of a respectable blackbeetle, and yet they are inhabited, at heavy rentals, by families whose numbers are only exceeded by their dirtiness. Underground homes, whose only decorations are rows of old boots and shoes, frowsy rags and dilapidated hats. London Life indeed!—to me this is almost a London living death, and yet, in these places, human beings pig together and breed a race to infest our streets, by the side of which a Zulu seems to be a civilised being, and an Ojibbeway Indian an angel.

From Dudley Street to Short's Gardens, Charles Street, and Parker Street, Drury Lane, is only a step or so. Here things are rapidly improving, but it is not long since these streets were dens of thieves. I suppose thieves must hang out somewhere, and these localities seemed to be just suited to them in every way. Any one who ever visited one of the common lodging-houses in these localities, saw a sight that can never again be reproduced. The wildest dreams of Eugene Sue could never depict a millionth part of the horrors of these now defunct dens. Men, women, boys, girls, children, babes—a seething mass of moral corruption and physical debasement—huddled together in one accumulation of loathsomeness and contamination.

Faugh! the idea sickens; the reality used to kill. Whilst these horrors were allowed to exist, bodies and souls were murdered in hundreds, day by day, victims of the lassitude of our law makers, and the indolence of parish officials. Happily these plague spots have been partially purified, and are fading out of existence.

Before leaving the neighbourhood, we will run past the *Era* office, where the virtuous Ted Ledger sits in his sanctum, and fulminates his wrath against journals who dare to touch upon theatrical matters, which he considers to exclusively belong to him, and we will leave him writing jealous leaders against any paper which can surpass his circulation, and drop into the "Harp" Tavern, the old-fashioned professional house, still the resort of many actors of the old school, and plenty of the new as well. Here were and are held the meetings of the jovial society, known as the City of Lushington, a society which gave rise to the foundation of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes; over a glass of good whiskey, and sitting in the room that has been enlivened by the wit of Flexmore, Boleno, Phelps, Charles Mathews, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and a thousand others, I drop my pen, and wish my readers good bye, until I meet them next week at the corner by the "Angel" at Islington.

Contrary to expectation the Wimbledon Meeting has been a greater success than the Kilburn fiasco. The weather, after the first day or two, has been tolerably fine, and the discomforts the Volunteers had to put up with have been borne without a murmur. The shooting has been excellent.

* * *

What is religion? was asked at a social gatherihg, where humorous definitions were one of the pastimes. All looked grave till, "Religion," replied a business man, "is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best policy."

WINE AND WOMEN.

From the remotest antiquity up to the present day the worship of Bacchus and Venus have always been more or less combined, and as long as the world lasts will have a pernicious influence on society at large. The famous seige of Troy would never have taken place, but for an erring woman, the beautiful but abandoned Helen.

No one can doubt but that the fall of the Roman Empire was greatly accelerated, if not principally caused, by the enervating influence of the profuse libations offered to Bacchus, joined with an ardent pursuit of Venus, for which the Romans were so famous.

In the present day we find, from a recent statement of the President at the Divorce Court, that in by far the greater number of cases which come before him drunkenness is the first and leading cause of the domestic rupture.

Among the young men of the day who come to grief, wine and women are found to have been the primary causes of their ruin, one as it were leads to the other, and the second usually completes the work of the first. Take the case of an ordinary type of young man launched into life, beset with the numerous temptations in which this great city abounds; let us see how it is he enters the path which leads to ruin. He accepts the invitation of some so-called friend to dine with him at say, perhaps, one of the best clubs in London, and there freely partakes of the numerous and potent wines which abound at club dinners; little by little he gets under the influence of wine, until by the end of the repast he is quite ready, nay, eager for anything that may be proposed to him. A game at cards is introduced, possibly he wins at first, then elated by his success, and deprived of any caution he might naturally have, by the fumes of alcohol which are fast spreading over his brain, he becomes reckless, of all save the wild excitement of the present hour, until as daylight approaches, after playing all night, he discovers that he has lost more than he can pay, then he resorts to that human vampire the "money lender," and he is now well on the road to ruin, but in the rest of his career woman, in one of her vilest forms, plays an important part, as will be seen.

Strange as it may at first appear, it is nevertheless true, that a great many of the money lenders have decoy ducks in the shape of abandoned women, who greatly assist them in their fine work.

It is not long before the young man, seeing life, becomes acquainted with some fair charmer, and it is not surprising, that he should then rapidly proceed from bad to worse, until, after inducing him to squander all his substance, she then either leaves him in search of another victim, or in some cases succeeds in persuading her poor dupe, to his own eternal disgrace, to crown his folly by marrying her. In order to supply her boundless extravagance he is forced to apply to the "complacent" money lender, who for the advance of a few hundreds at most, secures his future heritage, which he willingly forfeits under her vile influence and that of inebriation.

Wine and Women are amongst the principal means by which the professed gambler is enabled to plunder unsuspecting youths whom he has lured into his den, with the pretext of showing him "life."

When once a man takes to drinking and comes in contact with women of a certain class, it is only a matter of time before he is morally, mentally, and pecuniarily beggared.

The results of wine upon women is no less disastrous than that among men, many and many a good girl has been ruined by being plied with stimulants by some vicious scoundrel, for when persons are in the habit of taking more than is good for them they become, as a matter of course, utterly reckless, and their brain is, as it were, partially stupified by continual excess, and in that condition they fall an easy prey to any designing villain who may desire to accomplish his own ends.

Under the combined effects of "Wine and Women" it is indeed terrible to observe the hundreds who are yearly ruined, body and soul, in this great Metropolis. Social ties which should be held sacred are discarded, robbery and embezzlement, and a host of other crimes, even murder itself, are proved, in a majority of instances, to have been traced to these two most powerful causes of wrong doing. One can hardly read a police report without observing the truth of these assertions.

It is the abuse of what should be sources of happiness and comfort, against which we protest, but it cannot too strongly be urged upon those liable to temptation, to carefully avoid these two besetting evils, which seem to be daily increasing to fearful dimensions.

Nothing is more charming than the society of virtuous women, it has a tendency to ennoble and refine the mind of man, and moderation in the use of good wines is also beneficial to the health, but "Wine and Women" as they are usually understood, mean drunkenness and association with degraded creatures, lost to every sense of shame. It is against such vices we would raise our voice of warning, and endeavour, if possible, to arrest those who are now on their headlong course of destruction, and should they heed it not, will, when too late, repent all that has resulted from "Wine and Women."

MENTOR.

A FALLEN WOMAN.

She trod the busy paths of life,
But trod the sunny side.
She was a loved and happy wife,
With rank and wealth and pride.
Her home was like a fairy bower,
Where fays and nymphs might dwell.
Yet she was woman after all,
The tempter came—she fell.

He'd known her as the reigning belle,
And then he sought her hand.
Her "No," to him seemed like a knell,
It drove him from the land.
And then revenge he vowed he'd have,
His head became a hell.
He sought his once darling, and
He tempted—and she fell.

'Twas at a ball he whispered words
She shudderred at to hear.
She shrunk away in dire disgust,
She trembled in her fear.
He seized her in his vile embrace;
Could she resist his snares.
She turned away, but then, alas!
She fell——

(*Continued on page* 8.)

A FALLEN WOMAN.

(*Continued from page 7.*)

——— She fell down stairs.

THE best thing Tracy Turnerelli can do with the golden wreath, as he cannot get rid of it in any other way, is to take it to a well-known establishment in the Strand, and raise the most he can upon it, to help to pay exes during his holiday excursion.

* * *

But stay, I am not quite so sure about that.

* * *

Suppose, that after the impending general election, Beaconsfield should feel only too glad to accept a tribute of any kind from any one.

* * *

Tracy in that case would naturally want to redeem the precious trophy, and he might find that it had been delivered by mistake to a gallant member of the Naval and Military Club, who had, forthwith, pawned it on his own account.

* * *

And if Tracy, in the guilelessness of his heart, commenced an action against his "uncle" to recover the value thereof, he might, to his dismay, find that his relative had commenced criminal proceedings against him for attempting to defraud, and that the only way in which he could establish his innocence, would be by giving the gallant Captain the money to go and redeem it.

* * *

Perhaps he had better raffle it.

* * *

But, there again, he might get into difficulties.

* * *

Possibly Mr. Thomas Brooke, of Leeds, might take, in lieu of the penny he has spent, a penny in trying to get it back.

* * *

But Dizzy has done with "peace with honour."

* * *

The Breach of Privilege Committee has at last made its report, and they have been a long time in finding out what everybody knew, that it is common enough to "square" Members of Parliament. So long as we are blessed with a Conservative Government and a Conservative Parliament, there will always be plenty of members of both who can be "got at."

* * *

How is it that the Government cannot square the "Obstructionists."

* * *

Surely to preserve intact their beloved "Cat," it is worth while trying it on.

* * *

Have they tried it on and failed?

* * *

The D.T. has gone into ecstasies, because a lot of swells have started, or are about to start, "Temperance Music Halls." Now I confess that the managers of Music Halls would be acting wisely if they were to instruct their waiters not to importune their customers to order drink, if they do not require it, and if any company choose sto start a Music Hall, with *amateur performers*, and without fermented and spirituous liquors, let them do so and welcome.

* * *

But what the British Working Man and the frequenters of music-halls generally object to, is to be patronised and lectured as to what they may or may not drink by my lord or my lady.

* * *

I have had the whisper that a certain little flute player, who dubs himself an artist, well-known in Broadmead, Bristol, is rather given to "nobbing" when on a steamboat excursion to Plymouth. Be cautious my boy. What would the Harfield barber say?

* * *

It is whispered to me that a certain "Charman" has not been elected a member of the School Board for Brighton.

What a pity! He could talk half-a-dozen "Charwomen" into fits.

* * *

Perhaps the ratepayers think he talks too much, as he is very fond of giving advice gratis, which, it is needless to say, is worth what it costs.

* * *

He had better confine his connection with "Drink" to his hoardings, or it might prevent his ever being able to hoard much money.

* *

It has been wafted on the wind to me that Capt. Pim stands a very good chance of not representing Gravesend after the present moribund parliament is actually defunct. The ladies of that amphibious borough have an objection to the way in which he puts his finger to his nose. He will very soon have to say he (k)nows all about it. So say the liberals, as Bennett means to show him what's o'clock.

NOTICE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—"*London Life*" *will be forwarded by post for six months on receipt of stamps or P.O.O. for 3s 3d. Post office orders to be made payable to* HENRY PEARCE, *at Ludgate Circus.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is requested that all communications on literary matters may be addressed to the Editor, and those on business to the Publisher, 15, Harp Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.*

A LOOKER-ON.—We cannot find room for your letter, and if we could we should decline to publish it. We are very sorry for your sister, but hope she will not experience any particular harm from her short-lived attachment. We hope the Middy will shortly recover.

HEARTHSTONE JOE.—1: Jester's remarks last week about the youths at the G.P.O. were not written without a full knowledge of all the facts. 2. There is a growing youth who hangs about St. Martin's-le-Grand, who will show you the purse trick.

B. (Bristol).—You and all our Bristol Friends can get *London Life* at the bookshop, No. 1, Broadmead.

TOMMY.—We purpose shortly to give short biographies of several well-known West-End Barmaids.

A. J. J.—We should advise you not to learn boxing, it might get you into trouble, and send you home with two black eyes, and then what would your mother say.

We are again reluctantly compelled to omit some provincial notes which have reached us.

In answer to numerous enquiries we have to say that Nos. 1 and 3 are out of print, all the other back numbers can be obtained at the Office, 15, Harp Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.

THE CIGAR BOX,
BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, E.C.,
Next Door to the District Railway Station.

Cigars and Tobaccos of the Finest Quality.

THE BEST TWOPENNY CIGAR IN THE CITY.

1S.—THE NEW POCKET TIME-PIECE—1S.
is warranted to denote Correct Solar Time.
Post Free Fifteen Stamps.

THE FRENCH POCKET TIME INDICATOR (patented in England and France), 100,000 of which were sold during the Paris Exhibition; will denote correct time; same size and shape as a watch costing Ten Guineas; serviceable metal case, steel works, balanced action, enamelled dial, glass dome; warranted for two years; two securely packed for Twenty-eight Stamps. Obtainable only from the undersigned, Sole Agents for Great Britain, the French Novelty Company, 17, North Row, Marble Arch, London, W.

JUST PRINTED.—Ten New Songs by Helton. Best ever issued. Post-free, Seven Stamps. Address—H. Cook, Printer, Broadmead, Bristol. N.B.—A speciality gratis.

TO SHOWMEN AND OTHERS.

CANVAS or Tarpauling wanted on hire for a Fête and Fancy Fair, on Bank Holiday, a few miles in the suburbs; also shows, steam roundabouts, &c. Apply, J. M. 1a. Vernon Street, King's Cross Road.

Printed and Published by Henry Pearce, 15, Harp Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.